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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, *Editor and Publisher*

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crossing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

The long-heralded English translation of Stirner's great book is ready at last, under the title of "The Ego and His Own." It is issued in two bindings: in ordinary cloth, with cream leaf lettering and plain edges, at $1.50; in superior cloth, with gilt lettering and full gilt edges, at $1.75. The more expensive edition is not only more attractive, but considerably more durable. It is a book of 525 pages, including an index, in the possession of which—thanks to Mr. Byington, the translator—it is superior to any translation that has appeared in any other language and even to the German original. It is being widely advertised, and, as it is without doubt the most revolutionary book ever written, it is sure to be "cussed" and discussed by the press and all the agencies of opinion. It will be a permanent and important factor in the shaping of future political and social developments. I have been engaged for more than thirty years in the propaganda of Anarchism, and have achieved some things of which I am proud; but I feel that I have done nothing for the cause that compares in value with my publication of this illuminating document.

Lack of mechanical facilities for printing at the same time both Liberty and "The Ego and His Own" forced me to omit the February number of Liberty. By way of compensation I shall publish an extra number in May. It is not improbable that exigencies of another sort will disturb the regular order again next summer, so that the issues of 1907, which were to have been dated February, April, June, August, October, and December, will be dated April, May, August, September, October, and December. I trust that thereafter the magazine will preserve the even tenor of its way.

I am fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Fred Schulder, of Cleveland, Ohio, as canvasser for Liberty and my other publications. Friends of the movement in the places that he visits can be of signal help by giving him information regarding the propensities and peculiarities of their fellow-citizens. They can rely on Mr. Schulder's trustworthiness. I appeal to the readers of Liberty throughout the country to send to Mr. Schulder (in Liberty's care) the names and addresses of people in any part of the country (no sender need confine himself to names of his own townsmen) whom a man like Mr. Schulder would be likely to interest. The value of these addresses will be considerably enhanced, if the approximate age, the occupation, and the intellectual sympathies of the parties are also given. For some months to come Mr. Schulder's work will be confined almost exclusively to cities and towns of more than ten thousand inhabitants within two hundred miles of the Atlantic coast.

The existing social order may congratulate itself that the death of Ernest Crosby has left a gap in the ranks of its disturbers that will not soon be filled. The peculiar power that he exercised, however, was due not to his thought or his writing or his speaking or his deed, but to his inspiring and truly noble presence and personality. I doubt if any of his books will live, and therefore his memory will not be lasting; but, while it endures, it will be a profound and moving memory. He was not a Wendell Phillips, for he lacked that marvellous man's latent fire and silver tongue, and his physical type was a very different one. But in a considerable degree he made upon me the same impression that Wendell Phillips did. I never parted from either of them without a certain indefinable sense of modest majesty. Indeed, on leaving Crosby, I often thought too of O. B. Frothinhgam's description of Gerrit Smith: "His eye was soft, his skin ruddy, his voice deep and unctuous. As he stood, listening or talking, he was a man majestic and beautiful to look upon."

The departure of Crosby was made conspicuous in a way by a remarkable reticence on the part of the daily press of New York. True, the usual obituaries appeared, but never before did the death of a citizen of his power and prominence in so many lines fail to elicit a line of editorial comment from the local papers. So far as I know, not even the yellow "American," which owed Crosby at least this debt of gratitude after his lamentable part in the late campaign, had a word to say. Many are wondering if this silence was the

result of a conspiracy between the press and Crosby's reactionary family.

The Crosby memorial meeting in Cooper Union fell far short of the demands of the occasion. The subject was cut up into sections and parcelled out to specialists in a manner that was destructive of spontaneity and that would have been distressing to the victim had he been a conscious participant in the proceedings. And, after all this dissection, the vital part was missed. Barring a slight hint in the speech of John S. Crosby (which was a good speech), it was entirely forgotten that Ernest Crosby was an Anarchist. And yet he was more an Anarchist than anything else, in spite of the fact that his philosophical scheme was not sufficiently coherent to admit of classification.

Crosby's Anarchism is made manifest by one of his intimates, Leonard D. Abbott, whose article in "Mother Earth" is one of the most interesting that have been written about him. This testimony is the more valuable because Mr. Abbott himself is a Socialist. But the writer says some things to which I must take exception. That Crosby "was always interested in sex-problems" is a great mistake. I have been informed, to my surprise, that during the last year of his life he became interested in them, but he told me distinctly on at least two occasions (once with express reference to "Lucifer") that he took no interest in sex-questions and was decidedly averse to the discussion of them. Again, it seems to me that Mr. Abbott's reference to the Rhinebeck estate is misleading.

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The statement that "the property was vested in his wife's name," and that Crosby once said to the writer: "This ought not to belong to me," carries the idea that Grasmere really belonged to Crosby, but had been conveyed by him to his wife. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the property belonged to Mrs. Crosby (who was a Schieffelin, and therefore very wealthy) in her own right. Crosby repeatedly told me that he had no property at all. And finally there is a word to be said of Mr. Abbott's declaration that he "never heard Crosby say an unkind word of any living being." To be sure, the statement describes that side of Crosby with substantial accuracy. But I know of at least one very shameful exception. Mr. Abbott could not have been present at the dinner (a Henry George dinner, I think) given in New York a day or two after the shooting, and before the death, of McKinley. Crosby presided at that dinner, and proposed a toast to the preservation of the life of McKinley in which he angrily characterized Czolgosz as a wretch, using also, I think, some very harsh adjectives. I was in Europe then, but saw a report of the dinner in the New York "Times," whereupon I wrote Crosby a letter of indignant protest, saying that, had I been present at the dinner, I should have moved, as a substitute, a toast to the preservation of the life of McKinley, who had murdered thousands of innocent Filipinos, and equally to the preservation of the life of Czolgosz, who had attempted to murder the guilty McKinley. Crosby, in his reply, made an attempt at defence, but it was a very feeble one. I have not preserved the correspondence. But surely on that occasion Crosby not only

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spoke unkind words of a living being, but did so at a time when the entire nation was a pack of wolves howling for the blood of the object of his wrath,—a fact which added a peculiar cowardice to his cruelty. In the excitement Crosby lost his head and heart. I recall the fact because I think it not well to forget such things, and not from any desire to dim the lustre of Crosby's glory. Surely, taking his life as a whole, gentleness was one of its conspicuous characteristics.

Not long ago, in correspondence with a young friend of mine, Crosby wrote (I give the words as repeated to me): "——— is a periodical that I simply cannot read. Liberty, however, I always read from cover to cover. It is an intellectual treat. But it has no heart." I don't know whether Mr. Abbott would call that remark unkind or not. But I have no protest to make. I know of no way in which a man could more surely make himself ridiculous than in attempting to prove that he has a heart. And, in fact, I by no means disdain what some people would consider a rather doubtful compliment. I put it straight to you, dear reader: which would you prefer,—to have a heart and edit a periodical which no intelligent person could bring himself to read, or to have no heart and edit a periodical which many intelligent persons read regularly and thoroughly for information, edification, and profit? The alternative at least affords room for individuality of choice. Perhaps Crosby really meant the remark as a compliment. At any rate, he once said of me: "*It is refreshing* to find one American remaining unflinchingly true to Liberty,

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and using in her defence *not his emotions*, but a peculiarly keen and vigorous intellect and style."

One of the minor reasons why I regret Crosby's death is that it deprives me of this altruist's final estimate of "The Ego and His Own." He read the book in German some years ago, but an American, even if he is a pretty good German scholar, may be pardoned for not rightly understanding this book after a single reading in the original. Crosby told me that the upshot of the work seemed to him to be: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The summary is a superficial one. Crosby failed to reach the heart of the book, whose real purport is: Both the Sabbath and man exist for me, not I for man or the Sabbath. In English perhaps he would have understood it better.

Probably the report that Hugh O. Pentecost was converted on his death-bed is true. But I do not attribute his conversion to the fact that he was dying. It is more likely that it took place from sheer force of habit. The ruling passion strong in death.

For the most part Voltairine de Cleyre writes well of Pentecost in "Mother Earth." Referring to his infamous letter of recantation, she says:

> In all my life I have never read a document so utterly devoid of human dignity, so utterly currish. There is a piece of detestable slang which is the sole expression fit for it: "The Baby Act." Not only did Mr. Pentecost renounce his former beliefs in liberty, but he took refuge in the pitiable explanation that he, a cloud-land dreamer, had been misled by his innocence into the

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> defence of Parsons, Spies, etc., who, now he had been convinced, had been properly enough hanged. Poor, delicate lamb deceived by ravenous wolves! That was the tenor of the story. Had it been all true, a *man* would have bitten out his tongue rather than have told such truth.

So far as I know, Voltairine de Cleyre is the only person, besides myself, who has publicly put upon Pentecost the brand that he deserves. But, unless I have forgotten or overlooked something in the past, even she waited till he was dead.

Alexander Berkman told a New York "Times" reporter the other day that the Individualist Anarchist has vague ideas and can achieve nothing. This is the opinion that naturally would be held by one who thinks that vast progress toward the acme of human achievement is made when a knife is stuck into a millionaire. Berkman's remarks, however, are made the occasion of an editorial in the New York "Sun" which makes a great display of familiarity with the history of Anarchism, but which clearly was written by one whose studies of the subject have been of the most superficial character. He puts in quotation-marks, and attributes to Proudhon a declaration that "Communism is the final destiny of society." As Communism never had a fiercer opponent than Proudhon, I am curious to know in which one of Proudhon's fifty volumes the "Sun" writer found the assertion. Further, he declares that Berkman, by labeling himself an Anarchist-Communist, admits that he is no longer a member of the "propaganda by force," whereas the merest tyro knows that there is hardly an

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exception to the rule that the force "Anarchists" are Communists. And, to cap the climax, he talks of "the Anarchistic impulse due to Proudhon's illogical and emotional temperament." *Apropos* of this, I may quote an estimate of Proudhon made by a certain Charles A. Dana. Perhaps the "Sun" has heard of him. He was an unconscionable old rascal, but he was also a *real* student, and he forgot more about Proudhon than the editor of the "Sun" will ever know. Writing of Proudhon in the New York "Tribune," this Dana said:

> He appeals for the most part to the judgment of his readers, aiming to convince the understanding, not to influence the feelings. . . . His books contain no arguments addressed to the benevolence of his readers; hardly any aimed at their sense of justice. He deals with principles and demonstrations, things of the pure intellect, and generally more by negative than positive statements. For the moment he divests himself of all faculties but the logical, and lets nothing pass because it is good or beautiful or universally revered, but stands upon it implacably demanding: Can this be proved?

Obviously Proudhon is entitled to an appeal from Philip gone daffy to Philip in his right mind.

Advertisement of the Champion Coated Paper Company, in the "Inland Printer":

> Compare the "Printing Art," the "Progressive Printer," and a magazine whose name we are unable to name on account of recent postal restrictions, and note how much superior are the printed results obtained on our "No. 1 Pure White" over other technical journals which are printed on other grades of enameled paper.

Advertisement of the same Company in the "Progressive Printer" of the same date:

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> The leading magazines devoted to the interests of the printing trade, among which may be mentioned the "Inland Printer," the "Printing Art," and another, the name of which is not mentioned on account of recent postal restrictions, are printed on our "No. 1 Pure White Coated" paper, because the cuts printed on it give results which cannot be obtained on any other enameled paper.

Now, what is the need of having such things as professional comic papers, when the advertising columns of our soberest industrial journals give us matter like the above? But I fear that readers who are not in the printing and paper trades will think this belongs in the puzzle column rather than the funny column, if I do not give an explanation. Know, therefore, that within a few months the post-office department has decided that samples are not entitled to be mailed at second-class rates, and that therefore a periodical cannot contain inserts which advertise paper, if such inserts are printed on the kind of paper that is advertised, or if they are printed on the kind of paper sold by the advertiser and any direct or indirect intimation lets the reader find out anywhere that they are on this man's paper. For in that case such inserts would be commercial samples, mailed under second-class postage, and the republic would be doomed. You see how the same principle prohibits the Champion Coated Paper Company from advertising in a magazine that is printed on its product, and calling anybody's attention to the fact; and you see by the quotations above how effectively the law works. The most interesting thing is, however, that manufacturers of printers' inks are still allowed to put in inserts which declare themselves to be printed in the adver-

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tiser's ink, and every issue of the printing-trade journals contains two or three inserts of that sort, although these are every whit as much samples as the paper man's inserts,—the paper on which the ink insert is printed being simply the wrapper, so to speak, of the sample of ink. The three-color half-tones that are thrown in here and there in the "Inland Printer" always used to bear neatly in the corner the name of the paper-maker on whose paper they were printed, as well as of ink-maker, engraver, printer, and railroad company if it is railroad scenery. Now they bear all the rest, but not the paper-maker's. All this, of course, is interesting for its pettiness and its inefficiency: but it has another aspect also,—to wit, What harm would it do if samples were inserted in papers? Suppose the cloth-makers all inserted samples of their cloth in the "Ladies' Home Journal," and the harness-makers all inserted samples of their harness in the "Rider and Driver," what grievance would the post-office, or the government, or the American people, have against them?

Evidence of the length to which authoritarians will go in support of the ridiculous theory that statute law develops individual character is found in the declaration of Dr. Maurice Fishberg before the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the contract labor law, which admits to this country only those immigrants whose services have not been specifically contracted for by American employers, attracts to our shores "only those self-reliant and energetic enough to make a place

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for themselves." The fact is quite the other way. The law in question attracts to our shores mainly those who have not had enough self-reliance and energy to make a place for themselves in their native land. If American employers were free to contract for the services of foreign workmen, they would not, as a rule, employ the European unemployed; rather would they outbid foreign employers for the services of their employees, who obviously constitute the better portion of foreign laborers. Of course, it sometimes happens that an exceptionally self-reliant foreigner throws up a good thing at home for the chance of a still better one here; but, as a rule, the emigrant from foreign shores is one who chooses between nothing there and whatever he may get here. The contract labor statute is no exception to, but a peculiarly forcible confirmation of, the rule that law puts a premium on inefficiency.

Our congressmen, having at last acquired the courage of their criminal instincts, have raised their own salaries. When the French deputies recently did likewise, the fact prompted Harduin, the shrewd French journalist who writes for "*Le Matin*," to the following utterance: "It is particularly horrible to think that, thanks to this salary of fifteen thousand francs, so many mediocrities, radically incapable of earning such a sum in commerce, industry, or the professions, are going to rush into politics, an easy trade to follow, requiring no special knowledge, and which adds to many other advantages that of being lucrative. Mighty God, how many base politicians in prospect!

What an increase of the dirty political Bohemia, the most odious of all!" The no less witty Maret, whose name is familiar to Liberty's readers, finds in this procedure the solution of the social question. "Just leave the matter of raising wages to the wage-receivers themselves," he points out, "and there will be no more strikes."

In Cologne recently the proprietor of a penny-in-the slot distributor of chocolate was arrested for violation of the Sunday law. After that, perhaps it is safe to pull up the ladder.

When, in my essay on "State Socialism and Anarchism," I declared that State Socialism, if adopted, would end in "a State family in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the State prohibits them and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the State orders them," the State Socialists pronounced my statement both unjust and ridiculous. I am willing to admit that current events indicate that I was wrong. At any rate, on March 20, 1907, the city council of Fort Dodge, Iowa, passed by unanimous vote the following ordinance:

> That all able-bodied persons between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five years whose mental and physical propensities and abilities are normal, who are not now married, shall be required to marry within sixty days.
>
> Any person or persons failing to comply with the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $100, according to the criminal negligence of the person or persons unmarried.

The mayor of Fort Dodge declares that "the ordinance represents the most enlightened thought of the day, and is a precedent which will be widely followed before the end of the present decade." I repeat, maybe I was wrong. Perhaps State Socialism will not end where I said it would; it seems more likely to begin there.

The government of France, which maintains piano-classes at its conservatory in order to encourage the study of the piano, contemplates further encouragement of that study by placing a tax on pianos. Meanwhile the French people, and all other peoples, continue to cherish the illusion that the State treasury is a horn of plenty that never needs to be replenished.

Young Patterson of Chicago, in a shallow article, "The Confessions of a Drone," spoke of the interest and dividends he was getting, or money he had inherited or received as a gift, as money taken from labor. He was right, of course, but he did not, and does not, know why he was right. The deeper aspects of the question of interest or profit he has never inquired into. The editor of the "Independent," in commenting on the superficial confessions, undertook to enlighten him. We read:

> His father, or grandfather, had the brains of a hundred ordinary men, and he amassed accordingly. He got his proportionate reward, his share of material satisfaction, and they got theirs. They all, he and they, got a comfortable and busy life, and raised up their children, and the State offered the children of all, from the kindergarten to the University of Illinois, as good an education as Mr. Patterson got, if they cared for it, and had the brains to want it. Then Mr. Patterson took the money. He may have ordinary brains and choose to be a drone. Then

he will probably waste his money and lose his advantage. Or he may lend it to the government at two per cent.,—the country wants it,—or he can invest it in railroads for the development of the country and the comfort of the people at from four to six per cent., and spend the income on other people at his own sweet will, paying book printers, tailors, upholsterers, and other workers, and do what he pleases. The whole succession from parent to son goes together. Is it right that a superior man should get superior profit? then that he should give this advantage to his son? then that his son should take and use it? Mr. Patterson and the Socialists say No; the accepted constitution of society says Yes, and the injustice is less clear when we come to think of it.

The "Independent" is even more ignorant and shallow than young Patterson. The assumptions in this quotation are as idiotic as they are numerous. "They all got a comfortable life." How does it know? What of the workmen—perhaps of the sweated class? How does it know what the father's superiority lay in? Many men amass money by superior swindling, or by legal privilege that is no better. And what of interest on investments in railroads? who pays it, and why is it paid? The question of taking and "using" money is distinct from that of getting interest on it. You "use" money by spending it. The legitimacy of interest is assumed by the sapient editor; he gives no evidence of having thought on the subject. Let me recommend, for reading, Ruskin's remarks on "the position of William" in Bastiat's "plank" illustration.

The New York "Times" heaps nearly a column of its choicest ridicule on the proposal to impose a graduated tax on incomes in New York. It declares that, if such a tax were established, every New Yorker en-

joying an income of $100,000 would move away; that the palaces of Fifth avenue, deserted by their owners, would be occupied by the present occupants of First avenue tenements; and that skyscrapers would know no tenants except shoemakers and the like. Could I believe that these results would really follow, I should be strongly tempted to become a governmentalist. But one need not be a champion of a graduated tax on incomes in order to see the fallacy of the "Times's" argument. It is a well-known fact that the shrewd and unscrupulous are pouring continually into the city of New York from every part of the world because here a shrewd and unscrupulous man can pile up a huge fortune much more rapidly than in any other place on the globe. Does the "Times" pretend, then, that the former Chicagoan who was making $50,000 a year in the Windy City and who became a New Yorker in order to make $100,000 a year will go back to Chicago rather than pay a tax of $10,000 a year in New York? Such a tax probably would drive away most of the millionaires not *actively* engaged in robbery. But their places would soon be taken by more industrious plunderers. The unsurpassed opportunities which New York offers as a den of thieves are worth far more than ten per cent. a year to the criminal rich.

The courts are at last beginning to take rational views on the questions of peaceable picketing and peaceable boycotting. Several refreshing decisions have been rendered within a short time in which the principle is recognized that what one man may legiti-

mately do several men may do in concert. But even the most independent and intelligent of the judges still stultify themselves by attempting baseless distinctions between self-regarding boycotts and purely sympathetic boycotts. A, they say, may boycott B, if he has any grievance against him, but he may not ask C to boycott B and threaten to boycott *him* in turn in the event of refusal. When they undertake to defend this position, they fail miserably, of course, and the truth is that they shrink from the clear logic of the principle which they lay down at the outset. But let us not expect too much from them at once. "It is the first step that is difficult." Having accepted a sound principal, its corollaries will force themselves on them.

Commenting on an incident that attracted some attention in Washington and in the press, the Springfield "Republican" wrote:

> A Chicago millionaire comes forward with an offer to take over the postal service of the country, reduce rates on first and second-class matter one-half, and pay over to the government all surplus earnings above seven per cent. on the capital invested. He makes the proposal to the congressional postal commission, which is investigating the abuses in the service. Would his company also, it might be asked, agree to preserve to the employees of the service the hours and wages now accorded by the government? We shall next have syndicates offering to do the policing of the country on a private monopoly basis, and then taking charge of public school education.

I understand that there was some doubt in Chicago whether the millionaire referred to "meant business" and was entitled to serious consideration. But suppose a like offer to be made by a known and entirely competent and responsible person or corporation;

would congress and Teddy entertain it for a moment? Would the intelligent and earnest "Republican" urge them to accept it? If not, why not? The hint in regard to the employees is rather unfortunate. The government has not been a good employer in the postal service, as everybody knows. It pays low wages, requires hard work, and forbids the clerks and mail-carriers to bother congress or to agitate politically against unfriendly individuals in that body. A private corporation could not in these days do much worse. But suppose further that the aforesaid responsible bidder should agree to raise the wages and shorten the hours of the employees, and to refer disputes to arbitrators named by Teddy himself; would the "Republican" *then* favor acceptance of the offer? I doubt it. But why not? What would be its objection? As to the remark about a private police and prvate education, it is not the paradox, the *reductio ad absurdum*, our friend imagines it to be. Under healthy economic and political conditions private enterprise in those spheres would be not only "possible," but eminently desirable. And Anarchists contemplate even a private police without the least consciousness of particular audacity.

A "friendly" correspondent renews the "island" suggestion for the benefit alike of the Anarchists and society. He gravely writes:

> The Anarchists don't like governments, and the governments don't like Anarchists; there is incompatibility, and there ought to be separation. It seems to me there is an easy way to contrive this, and that the International Parliament, which I believe

will soon again assemble at The Hague, is the very body to manage the affair. Instead of hunting the Anarchists by means of the police, let the civilized world make a fair proposition to them—give them a country in which they can try their experiments of living without government—help them to get to that country with their goods and their families, and then see that they don't leave that country. There's many an island that ought to suit, and a single warship could manage the work of patrol. Great Britain has islands fit for the purpose, and we have some. There is a small minority of citizens here—all foreign born, I think—who believe so sincerely that men are better off without government that they are willing to take lives and give up their own to further their theories. Let's help them to a realization, and so part friends. What do the Anarchists say?

Well, the Anarchists "decline with thanks." They prefer to stay where they are, for they have work to do among the men who fancy that government is indispensable. The benevolent correspondent makes two or three amusing mistakes, and among them is his identification of government with society. Incompatibility should indeed lead to separation, but separation from whom? From the governments, but not from the countries oppressed and plundered by the governments. Anarchists are not dangerous to those who mind their own business. Their teachings are extremely unpleasant to despots and invaders, but society should see in that very fact an excellent reason for insisting on the fullest freedom for Anarchist propaganda and activity in its midst.

John Z. White, a Single Tax lecturer, has written an article on the Dartmouth College case, in which he attacks the doctrine that a franchise granted to a corporation by a legislature is a contract that cannot be

abrogated or modified without the consent of the corporation. It is true that this doctrine has been a potent weapon in the hands of thieving and iniquitous corporations, and it is true that it is utterly unsound from the viewpoint of believers in State sovereignty. Libertarians are not greatly interested in the question, for they are opposed, not merely to corporate privilege and vested wrongs, but to the superstition of State sovereignty as well, and contemplate a condition of things in which neither the State itself or chartered plunderers will invade individual rights. But, in the interest of historic accuracy, it should be pointed out that the White article is *not* "the first note" of the protest of the "new democracy" against the Dartmouth College doctrine. The editor of the St. Louis "Mirror," who uses these words in introducing the article, is greatly mistaken. The "doctrine" has been attacked before, and those who have just discovered its viciousness belong to the Pickwick species of explorers.

George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life," expurgated for American Puritans and hypocrites, is a rare book. It could not have been written by any average Irish or French artist; it is the work of a man who has two countries, France being the second, the country of voluntary adoption in spirit. It is a melancholy book, and the critics do not know what to make of it. Some feel its charm, which is great, but cannot sympathize with its apotheosis of sex and love. The "Saturday Review" says that Moore is obsessed by the idea of sex, and cannot think of woman's dress or *lingerie* without emotion and excitement. There is a

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good deal of truth in this, for Moore goes so far as to say that man really never thinks of anything, never is interested in anything, except woman. He may, Moore continues, pretend to be interested in music, in a lecture, in a philosophical discussion, but what he is really thinking about is, "which of my woman friends should I go to see?" Now, all this is absurd exaggeration. Men think much about women, and under all circumstances, including those that apparently are particularly foreign to all sex suggestions; but, if they thought of nothing else, there would be no art, no literature, no philosophy, that did not concern itself with sex. Men think, fight, make money, write books, plan and carry out enterprises that have nothing whatever to do with the sex instinct. The trouble with Moore is, however, deeper than his critics conceive. There is no trace in the book of any passion for any great idea. In his "dead life" there was no place for social ideals, for literary or artistic ambition, for scientific or metaphysical interests. We read about his painting and his books, but the references to these occupations are not "touched by emotion." The life that is thus empty and void is dead even while it is being lived. Can Moore understand a man like Shaw, or a Russian terrorist, or an enthusiastic *savant?* If he could, his "Memoirs" would have been not necessarily more "moral," but more human and more fascinating, and far less pessimistic. Moore dreads death, and cannot expel the thought of it from his mind. Love of ideas and ideals, speculation and interest in profound and large questions, are the best antidote to the poison of constant brooding over old age, decline, and death.

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A. C. Benson, the novelist, objects to excessive severity in reviewing. He wonders why we take liberties with authors, painters, etc., that we never think of taking with makers of soap, toilet powder, and other "useful commodities." He doesn't seem to see that freedom and severity in criticism is really a tribute to letters and art. Would he have us "elevate" literature by treating its workers as tradesmen? Mr. Benson's whole article on reviewing (in "Putnam's Monthly") is incoherent and self-contradictory. I quote one paragraph:

> What we have not got is a race of wise and artistic critics, alive to originality, delicacy, and quality. The popular taste is accepted and not educated; and the popular taste loves, as I have said, matter rather than manner, coarse-flavored, wholesome, highly-spiced work. Reviewing is not an art, but a trade. Probably our criticism is a sign rather than a cause of a low artistic standard, and no doubt, if there were a development of artistic literature, there would be a development of artistic criticism.

Why, then, put the cart before the horse? And why object to severity, which in an age of advertising and commercialism and cowardly fear of loss is a remarkable virtue? The severe critics are, in intention at least, far above the indulgent novelists and dramatists and artists who write for the great public and consult only the requirements of the market. Give us a race of wise, serious, self-respecting authors, and a like race of critics will follow.

Correspondents of the Newcastle "Chronicle" have been discussing Socialism. One of them, Mr. T. H. Mahony, was kind enough to express his indebtedness

"to the American, Tucker, for an unmistakably clear exposition of the bottom truths of sociology." Thereupon another, writing over the pseudonym, Jean Val Jean, uttered his surprise "that any person living in England should have to cross the Atlantic for an acquaintance with the bottom truths of sociology," and his opinion "that home industries in matters of sociology are a little ahead of America." In this aversion to receiving from the west even the smallest ray of economic light I recognize another form of Swettenhamism. But I am no Admiral Davis, and I give no Briton a chance to order me back to my ship. As Mr. Dooley says, "there's manny a man would rather burn to death than be rescued by his cousin and have it the talk of the family for tin years."

The New York "Times," in announcing a new series of Dooley articles, says that in these Mr. Dooley is funnier than ever, while at the same time he exhibits for the first time a serious side. The distinction is baseless. The philosopher of Archey Road has always been in earnest. The "Times's" sense of humor may be all right, but it is lacking in the sense of seriousness.

The London "Saturday Review," in an article on Roosevelt's message, gives its readers the following valuable information:

> American citizenship is only obtained through citizenship of a particular State. Voting power in a State carries voting power in the federal elections. Congress may, if it likes, by the first article of the constitution, pass a law establishing a uniform rule of naturalization, which at present depends on the laws of particular States; but to do this would be to infringe State rights still further. Sometimes these State laws are lax enough, and many will remember Mr. Bryce's description of the "droves of squalid men" in New York declaring their allegiance to the United States under the Party Agent's directions.

If any educated American were to reveal an ignorance of British politics parallel to the ignorance of American politics shown here by the "Saturday Review," that vituperative and cocksure journal would score him unmercifully.

To the thinking man it is a fact not without meaning that Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, who for the past year or too has been seeking notoriety as the head of an unnecessary movement for the suppression of unnecessary noise, is the mistress of the mansion with the *loudest* front to be seen on Riverside drive. Though, if an earthquake were to visit New York and swallow up but a single structure, I should be pleased to see it select Mrs. Rice's *noisy* home for its consumption, I do not advise destruction of the eyesore by meddlesome fellow-citizens desirous of getting into the limelight. Nevertheless I submit that my eyes are as much entitled as Mrs. Rice's ears to protection against assault.

Prefacing the remark with due apology to Patrick Henry, we may recall that Cleveland had his dear Maria, and that Roosevelt—should have profited by his example. If this be lese-majesty, make the most of it.

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THE ANGEL

The Ruler of Destiny sat upon the throne of the Universe. Behind him shone the vault of celestial blue. Around him a sparkling radiance streamed into the infinite. Before him moved the innumerable hosts, their flashing wings diminishing into uttermost space, till they glittered as a wilderness of stars.

To the Throne of Glory approached a hideous Thing,—a thing more grisly than Death. Its dull eyes gazed with leaden stare, its bloated lips hung livid and festering; flies buzzed out of its mouth, and it whispered hoarsely, with a carrion breath: "I am War."

"Take this," said the Eternal One, flinging to the Thing of Horror a suit of golden armor, brilliant as the sun itself. "It will be many ages before men discover what is within." And the loathsome Thing surrounded itself with the golden armor and precipitated itself downward, through the ethereal abysses, to the earth.

An Angel, pure as the morning, and stately as a pillar of crystal, with fearless eyes, wide and clear as heaven, approached the throne, and, in a voice which was like the music of all music, she said: "I am Truth." "Wear this," said the Great Ruler, giving to her a sad-colored robe. "Not for many ages will men discover what is within." And Truth also floated downward through the starry labyrinths to the earth.

She visited the editorial rooms of "Lucifer," the Great Daily. When the Editor-in-chief saw her, he shut his door in her face. The Managing Editor

pushed her out of his room, and discharged the doorkeeper for letting her in. The Society editor, the Sunday editor, the News editor, the Sporting editor, and the City editor joined in hustling her roughly to the stairway. The cub reporters pelted her with cigarette stubs, and, when a final push sent her stumbling down the stairs, there were peals of laughter.

She went to the editorial rooms of the Great Daily, "The Epoch," whose motto, badly blurred, on the front page, was, "By Truth victorious." She entered the room of the Editor-in-chief. He turned pale when he saw her, for he had once known her. "How did you get in here?" he whispered. "How did you pass the business office? Don't you know they have forbidden you to come here? For God's sake, leave me. You will be my ruin." His voice shook, and he pushed her out and shut the door; and Truth, standing outside, heard him bolt it against her.

She went sadly down and out into the street, and joined a stream of men going into a great hall. The galleries were filled with men and women. At one end of the hall was a stage, where many men were seated, and there was one who was talking loudly, so that the veins in his neck swelled and his face was purple. He was saying: "The salvation of the country is in the Republican party. Truth is mighty and will prevail." "There, beside my disciple, is my place," said she, and she stepped upon the platform and stood beside the orator. He continued bellowing, and finally said: "A government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." But Truth, standing beside him, called in a clear, trumpet-like

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voice: "A government of the people? Yes, always; by property and power. A government by the people? Never. The people cannot govern the people. A government for the people? Never. Government has always been, and always will be, for the few. No man has the right, and no body of men have the right, to govern any peaceable fellow-being."

"Put her out," shrieked the orator. "Put her out," they shouted from the floor. "Put her out," they called from the gallery. The orator pushed her into the arms of a policeman, and the policeman threw her into the street, and the door was closed against her.

A rabble of ragged ones, with hollow cheeks and hollow eyes, poor and wretched and ignorant, followed her and jeered at her. Dejected, she wandered about the street till presently she came to another large hall, filled with people, and, entering, she heard an orator saying: "The salvation of the country is the Democratic party. Truth is mighty and will prevail." "Ah!" sighed Truth, "that man I am sure will know me." She went forward and stood beside him. "That government is best which governs least," shouted the orator. "That is true," called Truth, and her voice rang from wall to wall and from rafter to rafter, like the notes of a trumpet. "Freedom is best. Government is wrong. All the laws which take the property of men against their will, or give to a few that which belongs to all, are wrong." "Stop her," said one of the men on the platform. "If she says anything that means anything, it will ruin us." "Stop her," said the orator; "she will lose us votes."

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"Put her out," yelled the convention. "Put her out," shrieked the gallery. Amid hoots and hisses she was hurried out, and the convention went on noisily saying nothing.

Then Truth went and sat under the stars, and watched the procession of their glorious march, and she yearned for the celestial pathways.

When once more the sun had baptized the earth, she heard bells ringing, and again she walked through the city. Men and women were hastening toward a temple. "Where are you going?" she asked, and they answered: "To hear the truth." "Then will I go with you," she said; and she went into a building with bare walls, where people sat silent, until presently they sang a melancholy tune. Afterward, a tall, sad man, in sad clothes, arose and said that pleasure was sinful, and to be glad on this especial day was abominably wicked, for it was the Lord's day, set apart to be a terror to the people, and wholly gloomy and joyless. Then all who were present thanked God that they were not as other men were, and prayed God that the eyes of others might be opened, so that they too might be miserable. And they took counsel among themselves, and said: "Let us pass a law to make all others good, as we are good." Then Truth stood up and said: "O blind and foolish ones! I am Truth," but every one looked at her, astonished that she should speak, and an old gentleman whispered to her that she could not speak in that place, and he led her out.

She went into the greatest temple of all, where were candles and music and much brilliancy and the smell

of incense, and the priest, covered with robes, went up into the canopied pulpit and cried aloud: "Truth is deposited only with Holy Church. All others are in outer darkness." Then Truth stood up and called aloud again: "Not so; for I am Truth." The congregation started to lay hands on her. "Do not touch her," said the priest. "Poor thing, she is crazy; do not believe what she says. Truth dwells with us alone."

Then Truth swept majestically down the aisle and out into the street, and, as she passed, the temple was filled with radiance, and the priest cried aloud: "A miracle; a miracle, to attest that my words are true."

At last, slowly and sadly, Truth went to a great stone building, whose iron gates were locked and windows barred, yet was it full to overflowing. "This is the jail," said a little child to her, "where the wicked and the vile are." Truth entered into the darkest dungeon of the place, and beheld a young man lying there, in prison and deserted. A light filled the place as Truth touched him and said gently: "Arise, my son"; and the young man looked eagerly at her, and arose joyously, saying: "You are Truth. Oh, I have so earnestly tried to see you, and now you will kiss me before I die." "When do you die?" she said, sorrowfully; "and why?" "I die tomorrow," said he, "because I have followed you and clutched at your robe. I have stood upon the corner of the street and said no man ought to command his brother; that the greatest truth is to so love one another as to give to each peaceable one the right to do as seems best to himself. I have said that any forcible

government of man by man is wrong." "And for this do you die?" she whispered. "Yes, at sunrise." Then Truth lifted her hands and streaming eyes heavenward, and sighed: "One more." And she laid her hand upon the young man, and said: "I will be with you even unto death."

When the morning came, she embraced the young man and kissed him, and he walked to his death with a smiling face, so that men wondered, and in his eyes was a great light. And Truth sat upon the gallows steps, and drew her sad-colored robe over her head.

Presently there was the sound of much shouting and hurrahing. Flags and wreaths filled the air, and flowers fell into the street. People clambered upon the gallows to see the better, and between the shouting throngs came a horseman in shining suit of glittering golden armor, with a chaplet of laurel on its casque, and the people prostrated themselves and shouted exultantly, till they were hoarse. Long lines of soldiers followed after the golden horseman. They pushed the people to the right and to the left, and smote them, and the people knelt and kissed the feet of the soldiers, and a flag was carried past, and the people went mad at the sight of it and shouted "Glory!" and the soldiers pushed them back and struck them the more. Of all that were there, only Truth saw the loathsome Thing which was within the golden armor.

When all had passed and the sound of hurrahing died faintly in the distance, Truth took down the swinging body from the gallows, and she wrapped it in her own mantle and held it in her arms, as a mother

holds her babe, and she looked again, with streaming eyes, up into the starry pathways, and cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

FRANCIS DE BOSQUE.

THE RELIGION OF BERNARD SHAW

Some ten years ago our friend Shaw had occasion to deal in his inimitable way with the state of mind of a popular dramatist who had "turned forty" and made that melancholy fact the theme of a quasi-serious play. The dramatist is considerably older now, and so is his former critic. Whether the former is now seeking consolation in religion, I do not know; but Mr. Shaw's attention, now that he is over fifty, lightly turns toward religion.

I have before me two reports of a Shaw lecture before the Guild of St. Matthew (London) on "Some Necessary Repairs to Religion."

With the critical side of the discourse I need not concern myself, beyond remarking on the strangeness of the notion that "The Origin of Species" is an obstacle—of the same sort as the Bible—to the growth of true religion. On Shaw's own theory, it is not Darwin's work, which explains and illustrates a mere process, but the misconception of its purpose and implications, that is the obstacle to be removed. The most orthodox religionist, as even the preachers now admit, can accept the Darwinian theory of the evolution of species.

Coming to Shaw's own religious philosophy, I gather from the lecture that he holds—

That God is will.

That the will that drives the universe is "evidently driving at some sort of moral conception."

That apart from man this will is powerless, and that man will finally enable God to comprehend and realize his purpose.

There are other quaint propositions to be gleaned from the address, but they are subordinate and more or less arbitrary. Those I have given form a coherent system. Coherent,—but how about rationality? Let us see.

Perhaps Mr. Shaw constructs his psychology as he once told us he constructed his economics—as he went along. If not, let us ask what he means by the phrase, "God is nothing but a will." Is it possible for us to conceive a will minus mind? What is will? It is another name for feeling; the strong feeling which overpowers antagonistic feelings and leads to action we call will. We are bundles of emotions and feelings and ideas, and the will is not an independent entity distinct from these.

To say that God is nothing but will is to say that God is a name for a certain unchanging feeling. Can there be a feeling without a nervous system? While, therefore, Shaw's God has "neither hands nor brains," he does rejoice in the possession of a nervous system, albeit a system that produces but one constant, unchanging feeling.

The absurdity of this is manifest. What Shaw means, I take it, is exactly what Spencer meant by the phrase, "the eternal and inscrutable Energy from which all things proceed." But Spencer's phrase is

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scientific, and Shaw's paradoxical.

Now, the "will," Shaw says, is "evidently driving at a moral conception." The "driving" is unconscious, "brainless," and it is man who forms the conception and realizes it. But how does the moral purpose affect "the universe"? It affects man's life on this insignificant speck in space called earth, but isn't it absurd to identify this speck with the universe?

Science tells us that at a certain point the process of evolution ceases, and that of dissolution begins. The earth will share the fate of the "dead" planets, life as we know it will disappear, the whole solar system will disintegrate, and all this without disturbing the moral conception" at which the will is driving! What will become of God without man—or, rather, what will become of God's comprehension and realization of his "perfect" purpose?

To be sure, Prof. Percival Lowell believes that Mars is inhabited by creatures even more intelligent and moral than ourselves, and who can say that in other parts of the universe there are not other planets teeming with life as advanced as ours, with supermen perchance? Mr. Shaw wisely refrains from taking such possibilities or probabilities into account; still, they have a direct bearing on the pretensions of man as the interpreter and realizer of God's purpose. Isn't Mr. Shaw making ridiculous claims for man and his habitat?

But is there nothing, then, in Shaw's religion? Let me try to restate his propositions in plain, unvarnished terms.

Energy is the ultimate reality we are conscious of.

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Call it God if you like, but calling it God does not render it less inscrutable.

This ultimate energy is manifested in infinite ways. So far as we, human beings, dwellers on this earth, are aware, it is in our driving and striving alone that this cosmic energy may be said to tend toward a moral purpose. We may be exceedingly insignificant, cosmically considered, but we are of wonderful importance to ourselves. Our own affairs are the be-all and end-all of our existence, and self-realization our only business and joy.

We have finally evolved certain social and individual ideals and principles of conduct. They are our most cherished possessions. In them we live and move; for them many of us die.

This love of the ideal, of beauty in thought and character, and of justice in social organization, we may call religion, if we choose.

Thus, perhaps, intended Shaw. At any rate, thus spake his unauthorized interpreter. S. R.

In an editorial on Bolton Hall's new book, "Three Acres and Liberty," the New York "Evening Post" says: "What makes the Back to Nature movement all the more difficult is the fact that our tenements for the most part are filled with people who have just come from nature, and cannot be persuaded to go back, because 'they have been there.'" Shame on the ingrates! Poor Mother Nature! Poor Mother Earth! how sharper than a Single Tack(s) it is to have a thankless child!

COMSTOCK, ST. PAUL, ET AL.*

Anthony Comstock—than whom no ass is greater—has brought himself again into the notoriety he loves by seizing the Catalogue of the Art Students' League in New York city and arresting the lady who is secretary. His reason was that the Catalogue had some reproductions in it of studies of the nude, and he said: "You may keep a lion caged, but you have no right to turn him loose." Thus you see he is a poet as well as an ass.

Evidently, according to the gospel of St. Anthony, a study of the human form divine without clothes is a lion seeking whom it may devour, and the tailor is greater than God.

Anthony Comstock will die in time, and illustrate the wisdom of that great decree: "Nothing shall long endure." But the evil seed he is sowing may continue. Self-consciousness is bad—be it self-conceit or self-shame. There is one thing all great men envy in the animals—the utter lack of self-consciousness, that calm accord with nature which is the highest manhood or womanhood. It can be reached not only by the ignorance of the brutes, but also by the gracious intellect of man. Anthony Comstock destroys this. He makes nature a blunderer because we are born naked.

* This article was written by C. E. S. Wood for his department, "Impressions," in the "Pacific Monthly," but there proved to be too little fig-leaf in it to suit that periodical. On the other hand, there is too much God in it for Liberty. But God is becoming so insignificant that a little more or less of him doesn't matter much; so Liberty prints this article with pleasure. It should be added, in justice to the liberality of the "Pacific Monthly," that it has lately allowed Mr. Wood to give three pages of his department to an avowed exposition of Anarchism, in which students and inquirers are referred to the office of Liberty for further information.—EDITOR.

He makes garments greater than the beautiful human body which has been the delight of art and wonder of science in all ages.

He suggests evil where there is none. He makes the noble vulgar and the pure impure. He wears side-whiskers, and is a common cad with a mind capable only of that vulgar prudery the secret thought of which is indecent.

Tell me, anyone, what is there impure or obscene in the human body? What is it? Why is it? Answer me why. Is it that plump and growing human rosebud—the baby? Is it the slim and fawnlike boy or girl? Is it the full and beautifully-rounded woman or the young man with silky sinews and tiger litheness? I say there is neither ugliness nor impurity anywhere in the handiwork of the Creator. Clothes are for protection, and, where they are not needed for that purpose, nudity is as pure as God himself. For man is God. The person who sees impurity in nakedness dishonors himself with an impure suggestion. Yet this pitiful and dishonoring prudery does exist, and, like many of our narrow superstitions, it comes from theology and the church.

In the childish and ignorant myth of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden they are made to say that, knowing good from evil, they knew they were naked and were ashamed, and they hid because they were naked and afraid, and made themselves aprons (mark you that! St. Anthony—only aprons). And of course all this means that they awoke to the sex difference, and here is the real essence of the thing: "Sex is vulgar." Notwithstanding that, according to this

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come tale, God was dissatisfied with Adam alone, and, having tried his "parental hand" on him, delighted to turn out his perfect masterpiece, woman, and, having made them male and female (and nude), he issued his edict to increase and multiply. But, turning away from this fairy tale, I ask again: What is there impure or vulgar in sex? Is it not divine nature's last decree? By it we live—by it the race survives. By it come our poets and our wise men who cannot measure the poetry and wisdom of the great mystery. Sex the Creator—what is there indecent or to be ashamed of in this divine jewel which emits the sparks of life?

But the morbid and enthusiastic minds of the church have taken up poor old mythical Adam and his pinafores, and have made a sin of nakedness,—a disgrace of sex. They have in their early and ignorant minds—one of which was St. Paul's—gone into an ecstasy of mysticism, asceticism, and monasticism, and have made a virtue of celibacy and a shame of nakedness. So that, if all men and women could be perfect according to St. Paul—and surely perfection ought to be desired,—the human race would become extinct. Ought this to be desired? When I consider Anthony Comstock, I almost think so.

This ignorant and really vulgar superstition against the nude is precisely like that other superstition drawn from the same source: Hatred against the serpent (though this has more reason, as some serpents are really harmful).

You find the seed of Adam bruising the heads of poor harmless little grass snakes, garter snakes, and

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other beneficial serpents, until their heads are sore beyond mending. Were I a fairy godmother, I would transform Anthony Comstock into a snake of conspicuous nudity and turn him loose in the Bronx and let him take his chances. How he would blush—but let us hope not for long.

And now it appears that the Rev. Father in God Arthur J. Teeling of Lynn, Massachusetts, has declared no woman must come to church with her head uncovered, or with short sleeves, for in both of these exposures of God's creation is shame to God,—who is a good deal put out about it, according to Father Teeling. He (Father Teeling) admits that bare heads and short sleeves are all right at the wash-tub (probably also in preparing a pastoral dinner or scrubbing the church), but not at service.

Father Teeling has authority for this from St. Paul and in the customs of the church, but, much as it pains me as a good son of the church to differ with Father Teeling and St. Paul, I do not believe there is any necessity for this generation to yield its own judgment to the views of a man who lived two thousand years ago. Fortunately St. Paul is admitted to be only a man. My own view is that Jesus is a more lovable and wonderful character viewed as a mere man, like one of us, and attaining to his divine perfection by mortal attributes, than he is taken as a god. This robs him of the merit of his struggle, and robs us of the hope to wholly imitate him. I believe that every command taken as iron-clad and coming from an infallible god is only a fetter to the free thought of humanity (as witness the church and di-

vorce). There is to my mind no subject sacred from inquiry. God gave man a mind that man might examine God with it. If any subject whatever is barred, there can be no full progress from generation to generation.

The doctors say: if woman covers her head, she will be bald; Father Feeling says: if she does not, she will be damned. Now, which is it to be? No woman I ever saw would hesitate a moment between baldness and damnation. Baldness is real, damnation is pure conjecture.

St. Paul, viewed as a mere man, was a good deal of a man,—but he was nevertheless only a man, and a man of two thousand years ago with the prejudices of his age and race.

Some of his expressions are noble, some narrow, almost ridiculous. We should do with him as we have done with Plato and Aristotle,—take the good, and reject the error. He says, writing to the elders at Corinth, the head of every man is Christ,—but the head of every woman is man (blind St. Paul!). Every man praying or prophesying having his head covered dishonoreth his head, but every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head. Now, up to this point this is very inconsistent, but he adds—for that is even all one as if she were *shaven*. For, if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn, but, if it be a shame for the woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered. For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. Judge in yourselves is it comely

that a woman pray unto God uncovered. Doth not even nature itself teach you that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him. But, if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, *for her hair is given her for a covering*.

The logic of this seems to be that, as a woman had her hair for her covering, she needed no other, and the man ought to keep his hat on in a draughty church. But really St. Paul spent too much time on this tonsorial question, and at the end said it was not a matter of salvation. Think of its coming up now! How the trifling things do live—as ticks stick in the hide. I leave St. Paul's and Father Feeling's logic to the Rev. Anna Shaw, and the memory of Susan B. Anthony and George Eliot. The fact is, St. Paul was talking from an Oriental prejudice which made it a shame for a woman to be uncovered in public and a disgrace to have her head shaven or shorn. There is neither logic nor reason in his doctrine.

He is the same St. Paul who said: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, and, if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." (Shame on you, Joan of Arc.) And he said: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman, and it were better for the unmarried to remain so." And the best he could say of marriage was that it was not a sin, and it was better to marry than to burn.

Dear old St. Paul, how I reverence your courage, your strenuous life, and your beautiful exhortation: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding

brass or a tinkling cymbal." How I regret that you were the great ascetic, the great celibate, the great defamer of the body and all that physical wonder and beauty without which spiritual beauty is lop-sided. How I regret you could not have recognized in some noble woman that other self which makes self complete, who would have lent you both stimulus and comfort and have taught you that the perfect life can only be had through the perfection of life. How I regret you helped make possible an Anthony Comstock. Yet I fear you did, you dear old spiritual gladiator, even as the carcass of the lion breeds maggots. For the love of God you scorned the body, but I say for the love of God — for the purest, wholesomest love of God — let us be done with such obscene birds as Anthony Comstock, and treat the body and sex simply, unaffectedly, nobly, purely, as the true God, great nature, treats it. I say, whoever puts into the mind of boy or girl the thought that sex and nakedness are in themselves impure and only to be acknowledged secretly, degrades that youthful mind, makes stupid ignorance masquerade as innocence, suggests a morbid impurity where the great calm eyes of nature see none.

I say Anthony Comstock and such as he act from a base suggestiveness, and overlay a wonderful and natural thing with the filth of their own obscene minds. They are destroyers of the purity of the young. It is they who are indecent, not those who, inspired by art or science, treat nudity as a man's natural state into which he was born. This unholy suggestiveness which has been cast upon nakedness by puritanical thought and ignorance is awful. I have known servant girls

who felt they were in an immoral house because the Venus of Milo in half size was in the parlor, and the cleaning woman always draped the naked bust with a cleaning rag and left it so. I have known Protestant ministers snatch their eyes away from a Narcissus without his fig-leaf as if they had been burned, and I dare say it was considered very indecent to have such a thing in the house. Now, I ask why? Let us have the reason. I think it will be hard to give one without showing that all the impurity, indecency, and suggestiveness was in the observer's own brain. It is a curse. It destroys natural purity, and begets a morbid self-consciousness which is ignoble. May all Anthony Comstocks be damned! C. E. S. WOOD.

I find the following in Tolstoi's recent "Letters to a Chinese Gentleman":

> Abstinence from returning evil for evil and non-participation in evil is the surest means, not only of salvation, but of victory over them who commit evil. The Chinese could see a striking confirmation of the truth of this law after their surrender of Port Arthur to Russia. The greatest efforts to defend Port Arthur by arms against the Japanese and the Russians would not have produced such ruinous consequences for Russia and Japan as those material and moral evils which the surrender of Port Arthur to the former brought on Russia and Japan.

In other words, non-resistance is a beautiful and useful thing because, by avoiding a fight yourself, you precipitate a worse fight between others. China should not fight with Russia, because it is her duty to love her enemy; and she is to show this love by causing her enemy to come to greater grief at other hands. O Stirner, why are you not alive, to put your brand afresh upon this silly, shallow altruism?

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Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact,
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
Rabbi Ben Ginsing

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

We are misled by all manner of signs, but the signs of the times are the most deceptive of the lot. I have before me a document which was addressed "to the people of the United States" in 1877, and in which the signs of the times then visible were interpreted by Stephen Pearl Andrews. Mr. Andrews proclaimed, as at that moment impending and imminent, a crisis in the relations of labor and capital. Truthful James had already inquired if the Caucasian was "played out." Mr. Andrews's encyclical affirmed that Caucasian civilization had reached that point in the game. The labor question, he said, had come up for immediate adjudication, and there wouldn't be any adjournment of the case on the pretext that capital was unprepared to go to trial. With an emphasis gained by the use of italics and small capitals, he stated that "there is a NEW ORDER OF THINGS, here now, or inevitably about to come"; forces were gathering as unalssuadable as Walt Whitman vaunted himself to be, and we know how insistent he was. These forces, inimical to the affluent, would triumph at once, peaceably perhaps, but anyhow. The elements were ready to break forth and to renew in a week's time —seven days from date—all the horrors of the French Revolution; and nothing but the readiness of the wealthy classes to sense the situation could give them a ghost of a chance to come in under the New Order. "If the rich and great are

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obstinate or stupid," he says, "God help them!" As one of the John the Baptists who had been put wise to coming events, Mr. Andrews felt authorized to speak, and what he had to say was the last call and the final notice. He saw the new order of things about to be inaugurated. "the forced transfer of all railroads, magnetic telegraphs, and great public works to the government, with the laborers paid fixed and equitable prices, as government employees; the organization of great government workshops, or organized government colonization, and other similar enterprises, and the honest effort that government shall become the social Providence of the whole people."

It is almost thirty years since those words were written. That is about a "generation." The same phenomenon of a rainbow bridge of Socialism and government ownership that to the vision of so many persons spans the gulf of trouble now, with paradise at the farther side, was to be witnessed then; and the end of it must have seemed a good deal nearer at the time when Mr. Andrews told his story than it looks to be at present; for no Socialist to-day, as sane as he was, would say, expecting to be taken seriously, that an industrial or economic crisis is impending and imminent.

In the relations between capital and labor there have been great changes since Andrews, but none you would notice since Moses.

The elimination of the Jew from the Upton Sinclair colony was to be foreseen; or, if not the Jew, then the colored man or the Chinese: the nationality of the ex-

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truded individual makes no difference in the principle. The line was sure to be drawn somewhere. Helicon Hall is shown to be a human institution after all; for an arrangement that provides only for the ease of the congenial goes no farther toward solving the housekeeping problem than Professor Herron's marriage to an heiress went in the direction of accomplishing "the economic emancipation of genius," which to the gifted professor seemed a matter of prime importance as long as he had to rustle his grub. The world is big, and the population various. Systems are short which proceed "along the lines" of the radius of any circle, especially a select circle.

What is to become of the low-browed under collectivism? A great English evolutionist found a flaw that prompts this question, in the demonstrations of Henry George. Mr. George held out that, "though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement house becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires" to the said landed possessions. If this thesis of Mr. George could be maintained as true in a popular sense, the evolutionist could not understand why its proponent had left the Indian papoose out of the reckoning and cut him no slice of the Astor pie. I do not myself stand for the superior or even the equal right of the puny infant, born wailing, or of the papoose, whose nose is always untidy, to enjoy and manage the Astor property, as against the infants generated by the Astors themselves. Anybody may

have my chance to guess, at his own price. It is my purpose only to have it noticed that a scheme which does not allow for the improvement or extermination of undesirable races overlooks some of the merits of the one at present in vogue. In this respect such a household as that set up at Helicon Hall seems to be a rod or two behind the conventional home, where, even in its current stage of decline, the poor relation, in the capacity of bottlewasher, may come into improving contact with the intellectually rich.

Colonists, observing that the world has gone wrong industrially, domestically, and governmentally, have the habit of repairing to some wilderness and starting even with the aborigines. They are like a boy doing a sum in arithmetic who, having reached a wrong result, works it over again on a clean sheet of paper. If he ever gets the example right, it is because he finds out that in previous operations he has admitted some such factor that the more he figures the further he goes wrong. Failures prove a mistake somewhere in the reckoning. What is the obtruding factor that has queered the solution of the problem to be worked out by communities and States? If it is not the introduction of government, then I do not want a cent for locating the error. Somebody told Tolstoi in awed tones that an act of which that Russian nobleman disapproved, when he saw its consequences in his own increasing family, was necessary to perpetuate the race; and the philosopher calmly replied that he perceived no reason why the race should be perpetuated. No convincing rejoinder was forthcoming. Apparent ne-

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cessities may resolve themselves into delusions. Dr. Lyman Abbott has lately argued that government is a necessary evil. Admitting its characterization as an evil to be correct and just, what could Dr. Abbott have said if some one had inquired, "Why necessary?" I have tried to figure out whether a necessary evil is a virtue or a vice, but up to the present time have not been able to get away with it.

A bill to compel the registration of all marriages, deaths, and births was defeated in the Idaho senate, after passing the lower house. The victorious antagonists of the bill were Mormons; and, while it can be conceived that Mormons are likely to be prejudiced against too much publicity being given to their domestic affairs, the remarks of the senators in this case appear to me wholly relevant and their arguments unusually cogent. For example, they contended that the incidents whereof it was proposed to make public record are purely personal matters, and that the State would be guilty of an indelicacy if it inquired about them. On the question of marriages and births being purely personal the wisest may hold their judgment in suspense, but who can deny that the article of death falls strictly within that definition? If the individual who has become deceased is not personally rather than collectively dead, in what sense can it be said that he has arrived at that condition.

At the instance of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, the national legislature turns itself into a Congress of Mothers to decide whether or not children under four-

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teen years of age shall be allowed to work at gainful occupations anywhere in the United States. Parents not elected to congress have no voice in the decision. Thus the proprietorship of the mother in the offspring she has borne is gradually becoming relaxed in favor of the State. Past and present events which cast their shadows behind prepare us for the day when public ownership of the embryonic will loom as a campaign issue, and when with the first sign of maternity the mother will pass under government supervision, and the child in the full sense of the word be delivered to the State. I believe that the licensing of persons of conflicting sexes to contribute to race-preservation, by a "board" as well as by a parson, is seriously contemplated in some advanced sections of the country. With this dream come true, and infants kept in communal nurseries until they are compulsorily sent to State schools, the function of the parent must be materially narrowed. The father is to most intents and purposes a figurehead already,—a mere common denominator for the family group,—having abdicated under pressure of a set of rules for bringing up children; and the mother, as aforesaid, is fading. Her subsidence is measured by the remark attributed to one "Julia Richmond, district superintendent of schools in New York," that "God created mothers, and, when he saw what a sorry job he had made of it, he created school-teachers." It would be the next thing to atheism to assume that "God" is wholly satisfied with the success of his second job, since many school-teachers are doomed by the instincts he has implanted in them to take their place with the mothers

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created as the original sorry job; and they do not shriek so very loud at the prospect of "demotion," or make any violent struggle to avoid the fate.

New Jersey has had a child-labor law for two years. Not long ago I held conversation with a State legislator on the tail-end of a trolley car. Speaking of boys' working, I said I supposed New Jersey had no child-labor problem since that law was passed. "On the contrary," he replied, "the State has two child-labor problems now where it had only one before. The first is how to repeal the law, which women and emotional men are supporting, and the second is how to evade it."

When Roosevelt clasped Togo to his bosom, and assured him that he does not approve the action of the California school boards in dictating to the mikado's subjects what schools they shall attend (see Liberty for December, page 17, and laugh), that was not the first instance where stick meeting stick brought on the hug of peace in American-Japanese diplomacy. Our distinguished consideration for Japan, and our lively appreciation of the fact that she is not built to be sat upon, have previously been voiced by this government. It is known that in our condescension to heathen nations we insist upon an arrangement known as "exterritoriality," which amounts to this,—that, when the conduct of an American citizen, resident or sojourning in those countries, conflicts with local laws and customs, he shall be tried and acquitted by our own diplomatic or consular representative, and not by

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any heathen justice of the peace. To such a proposition any healthy Power would respond "What's that?" and a moment later the features of the propo nent would appear to have been stepped upon. No Power but a Christian one taking the Golden Rule for a guide and exalting the square deal as its specialty would ask another for such a favor without tendering a similar privilege in return. Nevertheless the United States puts it all over heathendom in just that way. Trial by American authority is provided for in a treaty with China, the preamble of which sets forth that we aim to do to others as we would have them do to us; which, I conceive, is a touch of hypocrisy as light and graceful as we shall ever behold. And the coat of pretence loses none of its lustre, but is in fact all the more a holy show, because it was laid on by missionary hands and for the benefit of missionaries. The Hon. John W. Foster, who was once secretary of State, has said that, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the missionary is the person who avails himself of the privilege claimed. China submits; she "stands the gaff"; she not only holds up her heathen hands when commanded to do so by the white-cravated highwaymen, but, even when a native Christian breaks through the trammels of Confucian morality and is dealt with by his fellow-countrymen, thereby becoming the injured party, not Chinese but American missionary justice dictates to the government how many Chinese heads and taels it will take to square Uncle Sam. Japan, on the contrary, does not submit. Some years ago she intimated that our "exterritoriality" smelt bad, and asked us to take it away. We did so, re-

pudiating it, so far as Japan was concerned, as a thing we would not be found dead with. Just at present Japan has turned exterritoriality around and is pushing it at us: and through our president we take the dose. We propose to call out troops to force one of our sovereign States to provide schools wherein husky subjects of the mikado, of twenty years' growth, may learn simplified spelling in the same class with American girls who have not reached the age of dissent.

By the questions arising out of the condition which thus confronts us we are forced back to fundamental principles, and obliged to ask if the entire trouble does not arise from a theory. I mean the theory that an American State is under obligation to furnish facilities for educating foreign immigrants. The State school, which forces learning on children who do not want it, at the expense of citizens who have no children and desire none, is justified only by the doctrine that the State is menaced by the child and must educate him as a measure of self-preservation and defence. Admitting, in order not to drop the subject abruptly, that the State owns the child, the right of the State to handle the child as it pleases naturally follows; and, if the State does not think that the co-education of Japanese youths and native daughters of the Golden West contributes to the ends for which the schools are maintained, its authority to provide separate schools cannot be questioned. The straight way out of the California difficulty is the erection of federal schools in the cities of that State having a Japanese population. But anything in that line would have to be done through congress, and President Roosevelt

thinks of congress (since his correspondence with Mrs. Storer was discontinued) only as a bureau through which to place his purposes before the country in messages that body is compelled by law to pass along to the public printer. The coast has but a few hundred Japanese children to exclude from school privileges. Japan has thirty thousand for whose education no provision is made—a fact which is here submitted without comment.

With all of the Chinese and Japanese that modify the complexion of its citizenry, San Francisco can still hardly know what an Oriental invasion really is. To obtain such knowledge it would need to be New York and have a million Jews in its midst. The Jew is not a Mongolian, of course, and he isn't bilious enough to be called a yellow peril, but he is Asiatic a-plenty. The literary test convicts him; he writes and reads "against the sun," from right to left. He is not one of us, and there is a deep feeling that he is an intruder. This feeling found expression in the note by the late John Hay to the government of Roumania protesting against the oppression of its Jewish subjects. We know that the Jews interpret the note as a plea for tolerance toward members of their race, and have come as near canonizing Hay for a saint as the tenets of their religion will permit; but I violate no diplomatic confidence reposed in me by the administration when I say that what Hay wanted was such good treatment of the Jews in Roumania that they would be content to stay there instead of emigrating to the United States.

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The true philosophy of exclusion is to keep out who can do work better and cheaper than we can. The objection to the Jew arises from his ability to more than hold his own in games to which we introduce him. Whenever a persecution is proposed against any race or class,—and exclusion is persecution,—it is the best guess that the hostility originates with parties who are in some essential the inferiors of the invaded people. It is true that, entomologically classified, the Jew is a parasite, for he subsists on other organisms. He does not, like some Orientals, make his stake here, and go back to his country to enjoy it, for he has no country. He evinces a preference for improved real estate; there is in him none of that lust for battle with nature which impels frontiersmen to assault the virgin land or forest. It is true he would rather acquire the money that others have received for manual labor performed than earn it himself by muscular exercise. He would rather sell clothes to mankind than compete in raising cotton and wool. He is not a menace to any laborer or railroad or canal, like the Chinaman and Japanese, but he can let those enterprising races start in business first and then beat them handily at making the blonde type appear futile and ineffective. Seest thou a man diligent in business? That is the Jew. I do not criticise him for his energy, but sometimes he runs past his signals. He carries business principles too far, as when he stays so long in a community of people whose inutility as commercial persons he has made plain that they rise up and slay him. That is when I begin to doubt the Jew's judgment. He should learn how to get cold

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feet, cash in, and draw out of the game. That distinctive nose of his should be educated to smell trouble before it gets too near where he has invited it to come. His eagle eye, looking to the future, should be able to see that, in a world of growing indifference to pedigree and to the particular kind of superstition any bunch of individuals embraces, he will not always be able to explain his unpopularity on grounds of race or religious prejudice. I hope I make due allowance for the hostility aroused against the Jew because he is an exemplar of many virtues which we inculcate without bothering ourselves to practise them. He has thrift, frugality, industry, temperance, of which qualities, it is admitted with regret, the light-complexioned are not fanatical exponents. I have taken into consideration also the dislike the Jew incites by being superior as a scholar and frequently as a gentleman and judge of spirituous blends, but these are insufficient; the true cause of animosity does not lie in them. That must be found elsewhere. I locate it altogether in the circumstance that he lays over us in commercial instincts and can find a dollar where we would overlook the coin.

I will now disclose the aim of the foregoing demonstration and commentary on the dominant characteristic of the Jew, *i. e.*, his gift for business; for I notice often that, unless I explain my purpose, the reader does not know what I am driving at. In this case it is not to invite controversy, since I have raised no debatable point, but to make an inquiry. I want to know whether any of the seed of Abraham are professed Socialists, and, if so, what graft they are looking

forward to. I am anxious, you see, for the future of a venerable and commercially enterprising race under a system that promises to abolish commercialism.

If Liberty has never printed the late Professor Huxley's just and unexpected definition of Anarchy, which occurs in his essay on "Government," the recent death of Auberon Herbert makes this an appropriate season for doing so, or even for repeating, because Huxley was "answering" Herbert when he wrote it. Huxley said:

> Anarchy, as a term of political philosophy, must be taken only in its proper sense, which has nothing to do with disorder or with crime, but denotes a state of society in which the rule of each individual by himself is the only government the legitimacy of which is recognized. In this sense, strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence; for, if all men spontaneously did justice and loved mercy, it is plain that all swords might be advantageously turned into plowshares, and that the occupation of judges and police would be gone.

It is like capturing the enemy's arms without loss when the insurgent crew can cut out so formidable a piece as that from one who spoke with and for authority, and turn it on the foe.

In the same essay Huxley also said, significantly:

> Heaven forbid that I should be supposed to suggest that Mr. Herbert and his friends have the remotest connection with those "absolute" political philosophers who desire to add the force of dynamite to that of persuasion. It would be as reasonable to connect monarchists with murder on the strength of the proceedings of a Philip the Second or a Louis the Fourteenth.

More reasonable to so connect the monarchists, one

might say; for, if there has been one of them, known as such, not absolute enough to believe in adding the force of dynamite, or of its mate, which is g[illegible]der, to that of persuasion, he was misbranded a[illegible] have been exposed.

Huxley by apposition added Wilhelm von H[illegible]bold[illegible] to the Anarchist population—a proceeding which is not disquieting so far as I am concerned. It is even cheering to learn that the profound philosopher thought faith and fatherhood could take care of themselves. "Von Humboldt," he observes, "excludes not only all and every matter of religion, of morals, and of education, but the relations of the sexes, and all private actions not injurious to other citizens, from the interference of the State."

The only purpose in further writing on the subjects dealt with in this magazine, Liberty, is to apply its principles to current events. Those principles have already been elaborately set in many tomes of good literature. It remains now to make the world acquainted with them; and that is where the greatest hardihood and persistence are required. The world has a crust of stupidity and prejudice about a foot thick, and it is not irritable in the sense of responding to external stimuli. When I see Liberty, the pioneer, the developer, and the last survivor of Anarchy, going against this armor that the world supports, I think that perhaps the Texas man of my name, who stands ready to charge hell with one bucket of water, is not so very nervy after all.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

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RUBBER-STAMP JUSTICE

[Philadelphia "Public Ledger"]

Editor Public Ledger:

Being drawn for jury duty, I recently served as juror in one of our common pleas courts. The case on which I served was not a complicated one, being a suit brought by a paving company to compel a property-owner to pay for the paving of a street, the property-owner refusing payment on the ground that the paving was not done in accordance with the city ordinance. A number of witnesses were heard, and the charge of the judge to the jury was a model of clearness, he explaining the law bearing on the case in such a way that a child might have understood it and grasped its application.

But to my surprise he concluded by directing the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant,— the property-owner, whereupon the lawyer for the plaintiff (the paving company) objected, claiming that such a verdict debarred him from taking the case to a higher court as the time limit for the claim expired in April next. The judge, therefore, very accommodatingly reconsidered the matter, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff.

Having always had strong convictions that a juror should bring a verdict based on his own conclusions from the evidence placed before him, and from the explanation of the law given him, and that, if a judge wishes to give the verdict, he should do it on his own responsibility and not through the mouths of a fettered jury, I refused to concur in the verdict, and was given a severe lecture by the judge, and was ordered to leave the box and the court, an insulting remark from one of the court officers being thrown in for good measure.

I would like the "Ledger" to explain for my benefit and for the benefit of those who may in the future be jurors why it is necessary that a judge should direct a jury to bring in a verdict which may or may not be in accordance with their convictions.

You will observe that in this particular case the judge directed the jury to find for both parties, so it can hardly be said that the law required such a procedure. So far as I could see, there was no reason why the case could not have gone to the jury.

HAROLD SUDELL.

Philadelphia, March 12, 1907.

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